Reclaim What?

Reclaim Our History.

Reclaim What?

Reclaim the Dead Zone.

Weeks pass by me, leaders keep talking past me, time jumps ahead of me and a damned wall interrupts me. They tell me to have hope, to be patient, to trust my superiors with how to do it. I have no belief. I am cynical. I don't care but I know how to point. I wait.

I watch the TV, I read the newspaper, I sip my kaymak/καϊμάκκιν and when, at work, with friends, with family, I talk I talk I talk waiting in a 54 year old queue of talking. Am I English?!

In the summer I relish in repeating repeating my militarist ego while pointing at anyone but my own responsibilities in fucking waiting waiting waiting. In the winter I am an hour different from the "Other", and at the end of the day that damn Cypriot -thing- of a problem is not territorial but temporal too, in the lack of synchrony and the enforcement of memorial nationalist victimisation.

The politics of waiting have paralysed the people of Cyprus from believing in themselves. And under 6 armies, we are still a damn colony.

We are survivors I tell you. We are survivors. We are survivors of our own common destruction. We are survivors of a common history we deny ourselves from. We are survivors of a common corrosion of time. And we can be the survivors who have taken common responsibility over blame, survivors who have given common understanding over conflict, survivors who have made common commitment to one another.

And we can be, the survivors who have reclaimed the very darkness of our common violence, for it is only when we see our communities as connected and whole that we can live ourselves as one and multiple.

And after all, 54 years is a waste of time.

The negotiations are rotten. Let's do this ourselves.

This isn't Berlin.

This is our Buffer Zone.

Reclaim Our History. Reclaim the Dead Zone.

- the City's Dead.